

A New Tiding

by Horned King II

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Summary: One day a ship comes ashore on the beach of the Isle of Berk. A baby boy is found. Follow his story as he grows into a warrior. (Pretty much follows the first movie's plot) THERE WILL BE A SEQUEL! :)

1. Chapter 1

****A New Tiding Chapter 1: Beginnings****

****Greetings! This was a story I had long been planning.
Enjoy!****

"SHIP HO! SHIP HO!" Gobber the Belch shouts when he sees the torn sails of a boat gliding towards the port of the Isle of Berk. News carries rapidly, and soon the chief, Stoick the Vast is leading a large number of well armed warriors are at the boat. It seems that no one is sailing it from both the fact that it just grounded itself and that there seems to be no sign of life. "Wait for my signal. Gobber and I are going first, alone," Stoick orders. The other warriors are reluctant, mainly considering the fact that Stoick recently has to raise his son and only heir, Hiccup, who is only two now. However, Stoick is chief.

What Stoick and Gobber see is a nightmare. Blood runs across the deck. Bodies are everywhere. Mostly men, though a small handful of women and a few children, lie dead. Most of the bodies are hacked. "Dragons, chief?" Gobber asks Stoick. "No, something else," He tells his close friend. Among the dead are weird creatures. They are man-like, but hideous. Instead of red blood, theirs is black. Nearby are wicked looking weapons. "Most have been a slaughter," Gobber says sadly. The two notice that most of the human-like corpses are piled near the steering wheel. Against it lies a slumped man in armor. The two move closer. "He must have been a great warrior," Stoick says. He notices that the man wore armor of a kind he had never seen. It was shining silver despite being covered in dried blood. He wears a

mostly shredded and torn black cape. His helmet has a sort of wing thing to it. Two horn-like projections move upward and the outside edges have white feathers attached. Across his mouth is a blood stained veil. At his side is a pike and a sword lies near it's sheathe at his belt. Gobber utters a stifled gasp. "Chief! This man is alive!" He exclaims in shock.

In a rush the two remove the man's helmet and visor. The man gasps for air. "Easy lad. Looks like you got quite knocked up," Gobber says, trying to show a reassuring manner. It is false. The man is obviously dying. "Thanks, strangers," The man croaks. "Easy. I am Stoick the Vast, chief of the Vikings that live on the Isle of Berk," Stoick says. The man nods. "Many thanks. I would like to give my name, but time is running short for me. I would like to make a request," The man says weakly. Stoick nods. "If it is within my power, I will do anything for a worthy warrior like yourself," Stoick reassures him. "I have a son. I hid him under the anchor ropes during the battle. Will you please raise him? He is the only survivor other than me," The man wheezes. Stoick nods at Gobber who runs as fast as he can with only one leg to the ropes, to find a sleeping baby.

Meanwhile, Stoick stays with the dying man. "Also, I know that he will be a warrior. I also wish for my armor and weapons to be taken and given to him when he is fifteen." Stoick again nods to the dying man. The last words he utters are almost a whisper. "And tell him his name his Jacob, son of Lombard," He gasps. The man breathes a few more shallow breaths of air, and then he draws a last, long, painful gasps of air before finally passing on.

Even though Stoick never met the man before, he briefly takes off his helmet as a sign of respect for the warrior. "Chief, come here. I found the babe," Gobber says in a very gentle voice. Stoick gets up and walks over. When he sees the baby, he can't help but utter a small gasp. "The boy is only a year older than his son Hiccup. "So, who is going to raise him, chief?" Gobber asks. Stoick very gently takes the baby, who's still asleep, into his arms. "I will raise Jacob. He and Hiccup will be great brothers."

****Twelve Years Laterâ€¦****

****(This part begins at the beginning of the first movie)****

"Dragons!" Hiccup breathes. Jacob stops at the edge of his room only for a second, then runs inside, attaching his cloak and grabbing his sword, pike, and horn. He runs out of his room. "Come on, Hiccup!" He shouts to his brother. The two run out the door. "Hey, bro, see you around!" Jacob shouts as he leaps towards a group of Deadly Nadders and Monstrous Nightmares. "Wait! Dad said toâ€¦ oh forget it!" Hiccup says tiredly. "He never listens," He mutters as he runs off to the forge where Gobber is.

Jacob uses his agility to dodge the dragons' flames and the 15-foot pike to fight from a distance to avoid their claws and teeth. As the dragons get annoyed, Jacob sees a group of Vikings carrying a large net. Having seen his father Stoick already lure a group of dragons together and another group of Vikings had tossed a net over them, trapping them. The Vikings holding the second net signal to him to drive the dragons in front of him closer so they can do the same.

Jacob grins to himself and starts doing so. Suddenly a Nightmare lunges at him from behind. "Look out!" Someone cries out to the young warrior.

Jacob suddenly spins around. He lunges with his pike and scores a direct hit at the stomach of the burning dragon. As the dragon screeches in pain, Jacob draws his sword and thrusts it into its throat, killing it. He quickly removes the pike, temporary leaving his sword in the dead dragon's throat. He continues pushing the dragons in front of him towards the Vikings who are getting ready to throw the net they are holding.

With a final lunge, the dragons are in position. Jacob rolls clear as the group throws the net over the dragons, snaring them. Jacob grins at his work when he hears a scream. He turns around to see his brother Hiccup running down a hill from a Nightmare. He sighs and runs towards him. He stops when he hears another shout behind him. He turns around again and sees to his frustration both groups of dragons escaping from the nets. Once free, they fly away carrying livestock. Jacob sighs again. "Oh, Hiccup. Dad's going to be really pissed off now," He mutters to himself. As the Vikings start heading back to their houses, most of them grumbling about Hiccup's 'incompetence', Jacob heads towards a field, as far as he is aware, only he knows about it.

It is a little ways of a walk into the woods. Once he is through it, Jacob pauses, and slightly grins at what he sees. It is a clearing, one that had made a few years ago when he was given his sword and pike by Stoick. He made it for the purpose of both having a quiet place for thinking or meditating, or training. Tonight, Jacob sits down in the center and closes his eyes. He clears his thoughts while he sits. Other than Hiccup, Gobber, and Stoick, no one knows something that he has. The first time was when he was ten.

Jacob had been sleeping one night. He had a dream where a group of Nadders would attack in the early morning. When he woke up Jacob went to his father. "Dad, I had a dream that a bunch of Nadders had attacked this morning," Jacob had told Stoick. His father looked at him in shock. "That's odd, because that did happen while you were sleeping. I think you had a vision," He had told his son. After that, Jacob had had some more visions, so far all of them warnings of dragon raids. With these, the Vikings were ready for at least some of the attacks/raids.

Tonight Jacob planned on meditating primarily to see if he will get another vision, though if he doesn't then he also plans on doing this to relax. After a few minutes, he has one of his visions.

****_Start Vision_****

Jacob rides on the back of a Deadly Nadder in armor. His sword is by his side, his pike being held like a lance. The dragon has red, yellow, and orange war paint that makes it seem like the dragon is aflame.

Jacob has the dragon make for a huge, monstrous dragon. He yells defiantly as his mount swoops at it. Jacob lunges with his pike, hitting the dragon in one of its eyes. It screeches in pain. Jacob looks to his left to see one of its absurdly huge talons flailing towards him and his mount.

End Vision****

Jacob snaps his eyes open. "What in Odin's beard was that?" He mutters to himself. As he gets up, he freezes. The sound of a fallen branch being snapped is heard. Jacob suddenly stiffens. He slowly turns behind him to see a Deadly Nadder. Jacob stands still, cursing himself mentally for leaving his sword and pike at the opposite end of the clearing. The Nadder sees him and charges forward. It opens its mouth, ready to engulf Jacob in fire. Seeing no other option, Jacob raises his hand to make a stop gesture. Jacob expects it to be a futile gesture, but to his surprise the dragon stops mere feet in front of him. Jacob steps forward cautiously. The dragon does nothing but lower its head.

Jacob takes this as a sign to touch it. When he does so he feels a quick burst of pain. He yelps slightly. "What the hell was that?" He demands. "_It is our minds creating a link together," _A voice says in his mind. Jacob pauses and looks directly at the dragon. "No way," Jacob breathes in awe, a slight smile on his face. The dragon nods. "_Indeed," _He concurs. "_My name is Firestorm. You are a special one. There has not been a truly linked rider and dragon on the Isle of Berk. There once were many long ago. We are bond to death," _Firestorm tells him. Jacob nods. "Very well partner. You do know that you have to keep away for now, though, right?" He asks the dragon. Firestorm nods.

"_Of course. If I sense through you that you are in mortal peril, I will come immediately to aid you. Until Next time, Jacob," _Firestorm says as he spreads his wings and flies off. Jacob watches until the dragon disappears in the clouds. He chuckles to himself. "What a nutty day," He mutters to himself. He looks up to see it is almost morning. He gets his gear and start walking back home. Once he is out of the woods, he is lost in thought.

That is, until Hiccup runs into him. "Easy bro. What's wrong?" Jacob asks an obviously uncomfortable Hiccup. "I'll explain on the way home," He tells his brother as they slowly walk back to their house.

2. Chapter 2

****A New Tiding Chapter 2: Training as One****

****Hello! Sorry for the long, long, long, long wait. I had a lot of stuff going on. One of the things is that my dog Riley, a kind and loving whippet, passed away Thursday, August 28, 2014. On a happier note, I would like to thank ****Saphirabrightscale****, for the first person to favorite and follow this story.****Enjoy.****

"_Firestorm, I'm here at the clearing. Where are you?" _Jacob asks his newly bonded partner through their shared mental connection. "_I am one my way, Jacob," _Firestorm reassures him. Jacob crouches down and sighs out loud. He has had a lot going on. First he finds out that Hiccup didn't kill a dragon and is now studying it. Okay, so that is about equal as this. But what Stoick told him is what really bothers him. He looks down at the new armor he is wearing.

****_Flashback Begins_****

When Hiccup and Jacob enter their house, they find their father Stoick sitting at a table. "Hiccup, could you go to your room? I have to talk to your brother about something, alone," He says. Hiccup, though mystified, nods and heads upstairs. Stoick sighs and looks at Jacob. "My lad, do you know how that despite you being the eldest, Hiccup is to be my heir?" He quietly asks. Jacob again silently nods.

Stoick again sighs, looking at him. "Well, it is past time to tell you why. The fact is, you are not my son, but my foster son," Stoick says in a quiet tone as he motions for Jacob to follow him. Still stunned, Jacob complies. Stoick walks to a closet that Jacob always wondered what was inside it but Stoick never let him know. Stoick opens the doors and steps aside swiftly. Jacob's mouth drops open at what he sees.

A gleaming set of metal armor. A dark blackish-purplish cloak is attached at the shoulder armor. But what grabs Jacob is the helmet. It is beautifully crafted, with a conical tip and a nose and cheek piece. Two projectiles come out from both sides of the helmet and curve upwards. Along the outer edges are swan feathers.

Stoick gives a faint smile at Jacob's reaction. "It's okay, you may touch it. It's yours now. Just as it once was your father's," Stoick says. Jacob picks up the helmet and holds it. "My father? Who was he? What happened to him?" He asks. Stoick sighs and tells the tale of the boatâ€¦|.

End Flashback****

Jacob turns around and sees his partner, Firestorm. For the past few days and nights they had been training. Hiccup was with the other Viking teens learning how to fight dragons, as well as studying the dragon he told Jacob about, a Night Fury named Toothless. "_I see that you are wearing your inheritance again," _Firestorm lightly teases him. Jacob had discovered that night that Firestorm shares a connection with his thoughts and feelings, and instantly knew about his father.

The past few days had been rather simple. Jacob had learned about the history of dragons, and a bit more about his father, or more correctly, where he had been from. Gondor. It was from Firestorm that he learned of Gondor, of the white city of Minas Tirith, of the Fountain Guard, whose armor he wore, of the orcs who slew his father, mother and crew of the ship Stoick found him on, and his name of his father, Nobunaga.

_"_Today, I will teach you how to summon fire and how to do aerial combat," _Firestorm rumbles. "_Climb on and I'll take us to an island I know of where we can train in peace." _Jacob climbs onto the back of his mighty bond's back.

They are over an island ten minutes later. For him the week is a blur. In the morning and at night he is at Berk, at day at this remote island with Firestorm. Jacob learns of the history of the dragons, of how Morgoth created the first ones for evil, but eventually of how they became fear of him. Jacob builds a forge at the islands one day. "Firestorm, it is time I create a suit of armor

for you," Jacob tells his friend. He had learned a few days earlier that while a rider can live on despite his partner's death, if Jacob dies, so too does Firestorm. Firestorm bows his head, knowing that Jacob was skilled at the art of metal crafting and had found something that was strong yet light enough to be worn in flight.

Jacob starts hammering the red-hot glowing piece of metal, folding it to strengthen it and cooling it repeatedly. The helmet is truly remarkable. When Firestorm told him about Morgoth's old servants, the Balrogs, and how they looked, he decided that it would be fitting for a creature of fire to serve as the headpiece of the armor of a fire-breathing dragon. The horns curve forward, sharp enough to be used as lances, though Jacob recommended to Firestorm to not do so unless as a last resort. Jacob took particular pride in the design for the tail, which he designed to be able to allow Firestorm to throw the spikes that all Deadly Nadders were able to use.

Jacob learned how to use the pike, which Jacob learned was one of the two main weapons that the Fountain Guard used, as a lance when mounted on Firestorm, as well as the other main weapon, his father's long sword. But the neatest thing he learned was how to summon fire.

Jacob pointed his sword point at a bush and yelled, "Brisinger!" An orb of blue flame shoots out of the tip and ignites the bush. He smiles at Firestorm despite the slight dizzy sensation he has from summoning the fire. Firestorm bows his head in encouragement to his rider. _"There is no more that I can teach you. The rest we will both learn from battle." _"And when will that be?" Jacob asks the large dragon. _"When the time comes," _Firestorm chides gently.

The next day, Jacob watches in a mixture of pride and disgust as his foster brother Hiccup was chosen to slay a Nightmare. Pride for how well he has come, no doubt from his time with Toothless. Disgust for a dragon being killed for mostly sport. He watches as Hiccup attempts, and nearly succeeds, at showing the tribe that dragons can be tamed. He watches as it fails, and Hiccup is nearly killed. He watches as Hiccup's dragon, Toothless, come racing to save him, and be captured. He watches as the adults shamefully dismiss his brother. He watches as Toothless is chained to a boat and all the adults sail off to war.

And Jacob watches Hiccup staring out at the horizon. He is about to go up to him when he sees Astrid come up. He has a feeling when he sees Hiccup get up what is going to go on. He summons Firestorm. He knows what they will face. The Red Death. _"It is time, my comrade," _Jacob tells Firestorm. Jacob walks by Hiccup and Astrid. "Well, if we're going to save Toothless and all, let's go!" Jacob shouts as, despite the pleading to stop by Astrid and Hiccup, leaps off the cliff.

Only to land safely on the back of Firestorm. Together they fly back up to where Hiccup and Astrid are standing, who are now gawking at the sight. "Well? Let's get going!" Jacob declares. As they gather up the other trainees Jacob explains to Hiccup and Astrid how this happened. Once everyone has a dragon, minus Hiccup who is sharing the Nadder with Astrid, which is a smaller one compared to Firestorm, they ride off to war, the sun gleaming off of Jacob's armor.

watches as Astrid drops off Hiccup near the burning ships, probably to save Toothless. Jacob can't really focus on that too much. Despite the massive amount of scorching fire Firestorm breaths onto it, they are still losing. Snotlout, Fishlegs, and the twins are all out of commission, and now the Red Death opens its maws, seeming to attempt to breathe in Astrid and her own Deadly Nadder. Jacob and Firestorm are unable to attack the dragon directly as they are not in an angle that will allow them to attack without harming their friends.

Suddenly, a bluish-purple bolt of plasma strikes Red Death near the head, allowing Astrid and the dragon to escape. Jacob turns to see Hiccup riding Toothless. He shouts to his foster brother. "Hiccup, let's take flight and fight it in the air!" Hiccup nods and the duo and their mounts rise into the air, the Red Death closely following with its four beating wings. Jacob, Firestorm, Hiccup, and Toothless quickly hide in the clouds, using their agility to use their fire on the lumbering dragon. Slowly the Red Death tires, but Hiccup's artificial fin for Toothless catches on fire and breaks, causing the two to plummet towards the ground, the massive dragon following with Jacob and Firestorm dangerously close to its spike, club-like tail. At the last moment Toothless fires a bolt of plasma into its mouth, killing it. When everyone finds Hiccup and Toothless alive, they are happy!

Until Astrid notices that something is wrong. "Where's Jacob and Firestorm?" She asks. Everyone looks up at the sky, trying to find said people. Nothing is seen. "Where is Jacob? Where is my son?! FIND HIM!" Stoick bellows.

****Elsewhere on the island****

Jacob shakes his head slightly as he groggily gets up. "What happened?" He asks himself. The last thing he remembers is that while following the Red Death, the tail swinging towards them as Firestorm shouted to duck. That causes him to bolt upright. Where is Firestorm? Jacob's heart falls when he sees the prone form of his bond on the gravely beach. To make matters even worse, a small horde of Tiny Terrors are slinking towards Firestorm. Jacob looks for his sword, only to see that it is resting close to Firestorm. Knowing that he won't be able to make it to the sword and be able to help save Firestorm, Jacob quickly searches for something to use.

There! In the sand is a black metal shaft. Jacob grabs it and picks it up to find that it is actually a war hammer, all made from some weird black metal and having an unknown language inscribed on the edges. Not bothering to wonder about it, Jacob rushes towards his helpless dragon. He swings his hammer, breaking the skull of a Terror. Instantly the dragons turn their attention towards the one who dared to slay one of their comrades, coming at Jacob to attack him. Again and again, Jacob swings the war hammer, slaying many of the small dragons.

But yet still more rush forward. Jacob starts getting light scratches and a bit here and there, being pushed back more and more towards Firestorm's prone body. To Jacob, this seems to be his last fight. _If this is to be the end, then LET'S MAKE THIS MEMORABLE! _With that, Jacob rapidly twirls his new-found hammer in the air. With a fearsome shout, he swings it down. "BRISINGIR!" He shouts the spell as it hits the ground in front of him. What happens next is

unexpected.

A crater is formed where it had hit the ground. Lightning strikes downward, killing Terrors at random. Fire erupts from the ground in front, roasting several screeching Terrors. Instantly the tiny dragons flee, even fighting and killing others to escape from the hell before them. Jacob lets the hammer slide from numb hands. He falls to his knees, drained. Falling back onto Firestorm's flank, Jacob falls unconscious.

****Elsewhereâ€¦****

In a land filled with shadow, a place where no bird dare chirp, no ray of sun shine showing, stands a desolate wasteland. On the tower of the only built thing in this hell, a dark, pitted, black metal fortress, a spirit senses something. Something that he has not felt since the dawn of the Second Age. A force that was once mightier than him, one that he served. One that was banished at the end of the First Age. _Master?_

****Sorry for the delays. What do you think? Enjoy and until next time!****

4. Chapter 4

****A New Tiding Chapter 4: Angel, Angel What Have I Done?****

****Hello, hello, hello! Welcome to yet another chapter. I have a couple of shout-outs to give. First, I want to thanks my avid followers Blue Mountain Fairy and Niwa16. Second, who can guess where I got the title from? (Hint: It is from a song) Enjoy!****

Jacob wishes he could wake up. He really, really, really, really wants to so bad. So far, all he had seen were brief, vague visions of some battle. The chaos, death, horror, and destruction repeatedly going on in his head. He sees himself in the thick of battle. Then it turns even worse. A massive figure in armor appears. He appraises Jacob like one does to cattle. When he speaks, he speaks in a deep baritone. "So, you are the one who used my hammer, my hammer of the underworld. The hammer Grond," He says to Jacob.

Jacob, despite being in slight fear of the imposing figure before him, speaks in a calm, steady voice. "If that is the name of your hammer, then yes. Jacob is my name. Who do I have the, ah, honor of speaking too?" He asks boldly. The figure chuckles, a horrible sound. "A bold one, aren't you? You most likely do not know me, for I have not been spoken of for ages. I am Morgoth, the master of Sauron and the first Dark Lord." Jacob feels a slight twinge of fear. "And what have come here for?" Again Morgoth chuckles.

"When you struck the ground with my hammer, a part of my conscious escaped from my prison and became one with Grond. I have come to congratulate you on your rather skilled use of Grond, and to warn you. When you unleashed its power, you started events that you cannot stop now. Sauron has sensed it, and will undoubtedly come seeking the cause, though more likely sending servants than himself. A choice you will have to make. I will leave you now. We will see each other again though, mark my words." With that, Morgoth starts to fade. "Wait! What do you mean? What choice?" Jacob shouts, though in vain as

Morgoth has vanished.

Jacob wakes up with a start. For a moment, he wonders where he is. Then he recognizes the his sword mounted on the wall, along with his armor and Grond lying nearby. Jacob is in his bed. He gets up and sits down on his bed.

Angel, Angel what have I done?

I faced the quakes, the wind, the fire.

I've conquered country, crown, and throne

Why can't I cross this river?

What has he done? Jacob keeps thinking that over and over inside his head. Perhaps if he had died as well with his father the Vikings would never have to worry about this. If he hadn't lost his grip on his sword, he wouldn't have used Grond and attract Sauron's unwanted attention.

Pay no mind to the battles you won,

It'll take a lot more than rage and muscle.

Open your heart and hands my son,

Or you'll never make it over the river.

Jacob had thought many battles, killed ten dragons by himself. But how can he win against something like this? What could he do?

It'll take a lot more than words or guns,

A whole lot more than riches and muscles.

The hands of the many must join as one,

And together we'll cross the river

No! Jacob refuses to listen to this and gets up. "I guess it is time to let father know of what is to come."

****Sorry for the short chapter. I just had this song spinning in my head and so acted on it. Next chapter preview: Jacob tells Stoick of what he has learned. He also meets two new people. One good, one bad. Enjoy and review!****

5. Chapter 5

****A New Tiding Chapter 5: Choices****

Jacob exits his house after putting on his armor. He puts on his sword but leaves Grond in his room, along with his helmet. Even though he has decided that the hammer will replace his lost pike, he doesn't want to wield it except in battle. The helmet he leaves since he has no reason to wear it right now. He closes his eyes.

_"Firestorm, where are you?" _He asks. A few moments a dull thud is heard. He opens his eyes and smiles just as Firestorm answers.

"Here. I heard you saved me," _He tells Jacob mentally. Jacob makes a throw away gesture with his hands. _"You'd do the same for me. We are bonds after all, are we not?" _He tells Firestorm with a smile, who simply nods in reply. _"Well, we better give Stoick the bad news, huh?" _Again Firestorm nods.

The two start walking when Jacob hears a slight cough from behind him. He turns around and sees one of the Viking youths, a girl named Elaine. She's shorter than him, standing at 5'2" as opposed to his height of six feet. She hesitantly twirls a strand of her mostly light brown, but with some blonde streaks from being out in the sun. Jacob is curious as to why Elaine is speaking to him now since they never really talked to each other before. "I just wanted to say that I heard what you did. That was very brave of you," She says before darting off, as if she is afraid of what Jacob will say in reply. Confused, Jacob turns towards Firestorm. _"What was that about?" _He asks his dragon friend. Firestorm subtly shakes his head with the dragon equivalent of a scoff. _"You young male teens can be so simple at times," _He says as they continue walking. Before Jacob can reply, Stoick runs forward and embraces Jacob in a gentle hug.

"My son, I am so glad to see that you and Hiccup survived. Firestorm, I will forever be in your debt for protecting my son," He says. Firestorm lowers his head slightly in a humble manner. "Father, I have bad news. I fear that a new war is coming. I wish to call a council immediately," Jacob tells his adopted father in a grim tone. Stoick nods and rushes to get all the people needed.

In a few moments everyone is present in the Great Hall. In addition to Stoick, Gobber, and most of the tribe's senior warriors, Hiccup, Astrid, Fishlegs, Snoutlout, and the Twins are present. Jacob quickly explains what had happened when he and Firestorm crash landed. He informs the group about how in a dream he learned that a great evil was coming. "It should be here in a few days. Sauron would have sensed the power of Grond immediately," Jacob finishes. Hiccup clears his throat. "Um, Jacob, you do know that you have been out for three days?" Jacob bolts up out of his chair. "What?!" He demands. Hiccup nods while Astrid speaks up. "If what you are saying is true, then this dark lord should be here very soon," The blond teen Viking says. At that moment, a Viking warrior bursts into the room. "Chief, a ship has been sighted! It seems the emblem is a red eye, and it seems to be sending a boat to land on the beach with a white flag! What should we do?" Stoick around. "Tell everyone to stay calm but get ready for a fight. I will go down to see what they want," He says. Jacob speaks up, however.

"Father, I wish to speak to them. After all, I caused them to come here, I should be the one to greet them," Jacob says. Stoick thinks about it for a minute, then reluctantly nods. "Very well, but be safe," His adopted father cautions Jacob. Jacob nods then rushes out the room and, after quickly grabbing his cloak that normally is attached to his armor and Grond, stands alone on the beach. When the boat lands, only one man comes out, the rest of the crew of orcs and men staying onboard. The man who comes off the boat is a fair looking man, who is clearly taken aback by the fact that only one person, and a youth at that, bothers to even greet him. Jacob speaks. "Take not one more step if you wish to depart alive. I am Jacob, son of Stoick. What business brings you here?"

The man is slightly startled at this beginning of talks. "Greetings

Jacob, son Stoick. My master, Sauron the Great bids you welcome. My business is to talk. May I speak to the leader in private?" He says in a smooth voice. Jacob does not buy any of it. "If you want to speak, speak now. I am the one you should be speaking your intentions to. So speak or depart!" The man's features briefly darken with anger, but quickly is replaced with a serene expression. "Very well. My master has heard of the skilled and impressive warriors of this island, and wishes to extend a hand of friendship." Jacob keeps his features calm.

"And what is to be expected in return for this gift?" Jacob asks. The man smirks slightly for a brief second. "Only to give aid and loyalty to Sauron. If you accept, then you will receive many gifts and honors. So, what is your answer?" The man finishes, clearly expecting to be given a yes. Jacob doesn't miss a beat in his reply. "Oh, I have little doubt of that. Then he will enslave us! Be gone and trouble us no more! Tell your master that I say never will we be friends with one who will betray us! Leave, while you still have a skull vermin!" Jacob shouts. The man's eye twitches slightly. "BAH! Then you will regret this! Mark my words!" He shouts over his shoulder as he gets back into the boat that rows off.

Jacob turns to his Father, who has just arrived. "We must prepare," He says. "For war."

****Sorry for the long wait, had a bunch of capital FBS going on. Next one should be up in a week or two.****

6. Chapter 6

****A New Tiding Chapter 6: The War Begins and New Allies****

****Read and review, as well as enjoy****.****

It is night time. Jacob walks rounds on the rampart of a crude wooden wall that was hastily constructed ever since the meeting with Sauron's diplomat five days ago. The wall has two towers and is placed so that it blocks off the beachhead for any invasion, or at least delay them if it is a night attack so that the rest of the Vikings can ready themselves for fighting in poor lighting conditions.

He is dressed in full war gear, his helmet on his head, his sword sheathed but ready to be drawn at a moment's notice. As he walks back and forth between the two guard towers, he carries Grond like a spear.

Suddenly Jacob stops. He could have sworn that something was off. The moon was covered in cloud as well as being a new moon, so the lighting was poor, especially since he was working in black out conditions. The waves were crashing, the wind was a light breeze, and the ground was moving. That last one struck Jacob instantly. The ground can't move! As if to further validate this, a grappling hook appears. As he cautiously leans over the edge and attempts to peer through the inky blackness, hundreds more of grappling hooks are thrown up.

Jacob instantly starts running towards the right tower, the one that is currently occupied by two other Viking guards. "We're under

attack! Sound the alarm!" As Jacob nears it, the door opens, two human-like figures appear. _ORCS!_ Jacob thinks. One of them tries to slice him in half with his scimitar but he dodges it and leaps onto the ladder. As he is almost to the top, a second blow to the ladder we're he was just a second ago splits it in two, causing it to fall. Jacob barely manages to grab onto the ramparts of the tower as the shattered halves of the ladder clatter to the ground.

Quickly pulling himself over the rampart, Jacob grabs a torch and his horn and turns to the cauldron of tar and oil in front of him. Before he can throw the torch in, a figure also leaps over the rampart opposite of him. This figure is cloaked in black, and Jacob is unable to see any outlines of facial features underneath the cloak's hood. Jacob gasps as he realizes that this must be a Nazgul, a Ringwraith. Jacob's gaze switches from the Nazgul to the torch in his hand and instantly throws it into the cauldron, setting the liquidly contents inside ablaze. The Nazgul screeches but this is soon drowned out as Jacob sounds the Haradian horn. "Now of all Berk knows you're here," Jacob tells the Ringwraith with a hint of the smirk on the inside. The Nazgul gives one more screech, possibly because of the blinding fire, before jumping over the edge and landing on one of his mount and flying off.

Jacob now has to deal with the small problem of having to hold off an army by himself. Since the tower is made of wood, Jacob takes a risk by climbing down the side to try to make a last stand in the narrow pass. Jacob briefly pauses, realizing that he cannot fail in this task. To do so will mean death for all. Already a small group of orcs are just ahead of him. "GONDOR!" Jacob shouts as he slings Grond over his back and draws his sword. The orc in front of him slumps to the side as the head makes a thunking sound in the opposite direction. As the other orcs turn towards Jacob, he slashes another one in half.

Jacob now is fending off blows from the orcs weapons. He ducks a blow aimed at his head with a jagged-edged sword and rolls, reversing his sword and stabbing the orc who tried to kill him through the chest. He removes the blade as the orc falls to his knees and falls onto his face. Soon Jacob is a whirling blur of flesh and metal, dodging blade after blade, his own sword singing its cold song of death. Soon the blade is blackened by the blood of orcs and the small group lies in their own blood. But now there is a larger group coming over the ridge. They march up slowly. Jacob looks shock at the huge numbers of orcs and uruks in front of him.

"_Unsling Grond. It will lend you some of my strength when you hold it,"_ The voice of Morgoth rings in his head. Seeing no other choice, Jacob grabs the mighty war hammer with his free hand. Suddenly, a wave of power hits him. He gasps at the raw energy and rage floods his veins.

Jacob stands up, a growl building in his throat. "COME ON YOU SODS!" Jacob shouts. With a war cry, the invading horde charges forward. Jacob takes up a ready stance. "_Hold on Jacob! We are almost there!"_ Firestorm shouts in his head.

Jacob is unable to respond as an uruk swings his scimitar at him. Jacob ducks and thrusts his sword forward. The longsword slices through the uruk's armor and goes through his entire body, the tip poking out of the uruk's back. Jacob withdraws his father's sword,

allowing the body to crumple onto its back. An orc wielding a two-handed battle-axe charges at Jacob. He smites the orc with a single strike of Grond. The Hammer of the Underworld sends the orc flying into a large rock.

Soon a mountain of slain orcs and uruks starts to build around his feet. But still they come. The once-gleaming blade is now dulled by black orc blood. Grond, however, starts to glow with a fiery glow.

"_It is close!" _Morgoth hisses in his ear. _"Strike the ground with Grond now! Strike it now!"_ Seeing no other choice, Jacob reluctantly does as the Dark Lord says.

With a mighty cry of strength, Jacob swings the hammer down with all his might. A crater forms in the middle as the ground shakes. Uruks and orcs are thrown around like rag dolls. Lightning flashes across the night sky. But Jacob notices none of this. His attention is fixed on one thing. A tall, armored figure stands in the center of the crater. Grond, which had been flung out of Jacob's hand, is held by the figure. Jacob takes a defensive stance as the figure laughs. "Freedom! At long last, I am free!" He laughs.

"Who are you?" Jacob asks. The figure turns towards him. Jacob gasps upon seeing him. "You," He croaks in shock. "Me," Morgoth the Enemy, the first Dark Lord of Middle-Earth, says. "Do not fear, I have no intent to harm you," He says as he flicks his hand. Suddenly, everything freezes around the two. "As you have, even if it was unwittingly, freed me, I plan on letting you live and continue the battle against my former servant Sauron. I will give you some advice. Once you and your friends defeat the rest of this rabble, and you will, fly with Firestorm to Minas Tirth at once. Have the rest of Berk and the riders come by the river to the city. They will meet a fleet of black ships and join up with them. That is all I will say, except for one thing. You will also meet a friend in Gondor. Farewell, Jacob son of Stoick," Morgoth says to the young warrior as he fades.

Time resumes. The shattered remains of the horde charges at him, sensing victory. Suddenly, Firestorm flies overhead. With a mighty roar, the Deadly Nadder sends a blast of fire, scorching several dozen orcs. Then the rest of the warriors of Berk arrive. They smash into the wavering orcs. Soon the survivors rout. They climb back into the boats that dropped them off and quickly sail off, undoubtedly to Mordor to report to their master.

Jacob see Stoick and run over to him. "Father, what were our losses? I know that Fug and Tect are dead. Did we lose anyone else?" Stoick sighs at hearing of the loss of two skilled warriors. "Luckily, no one else is hurt. Since this has never happened before, what should we do now my son?" Stoick asks his adopted son.

Now Jacob sighs. "I fear that we must enter a war. There is a city three days sailing from here to the North. It is called Minas Tirth and it will be besieged soon. I will fly to the city to offer assistance. Father, you must have all able warriors take the boats and head there as well. When you see the opening of a large river, wait for a fleet of black ships to arrive. Join up with them and fly the flag of Gondor to show we are intending to be allies. This you must do," Jacob tells his father. Stoick, although unwilling to want

to let his son fly off alone with Firestorm, understands that this is much bigger.

"It will be done. When do you and Firestorm intend to leave?" He asks. Jacob's face turns grim. "Tonight. I must pack supplies," He says.

****At Jacob's houseâ€|****

"_We must fly non-stop. Can you make it there in one day?"_ Jacob asks his bond. Firestorm replies in an instant. "_I am one of the strongest of my kind. I will do it,"_ The dragon says. Jacob nods and starts packing. He has already loaded a day's worth of food and now is picking weapons. He is already taking both his and Firestorm's armor and his sword. He goes through his mini arsenal. First Jacob pulls out a flanged mace and a composite bow and a single quiver of arrows.

Next he picks up an unusual weapon he had made. It has three spaces for handgrips and has a strange design of the blade, a weapon designed for slashing and hacking. He calls it a _bat'leth_.

Although he already has a sword, Jacob picks up a second, more unusual one. It is a forward curving, single-edged sword, called a _falcata_. The curved blade is designed so that, when it is swung downwards, the inner-edged section comes down with the force of an axe.

Finally, he picks up three more things. The first is a large, round bronze shield. Inside near the arm straps is a short sword with a leaf-shaped bronze sword. This is called a _xiphos_. It is mainly for thrusting. The last thing is a pike with a large spearhead in the front and a smaller one at the end of the shaft.

Jacob then puts the weapons up. He places the shield and the _Xiphos_ on his left hand. The spear goes on the right side of the saddle, along with the composite bow and the mace. He puts the quiver across his back over his cape. Jacob puts his father's longsword in its sheathe on his left side. Finally, Jacob places the _falcata_ and the _bat'leth_ on the left side of the saddle. He places the bag for his food on the rear of the saddle.

"That is all of it," Jacob says to himself. "_Are you ready to leave?"_ He then asks his bond. Firestorm simply nods. The two of them walk outside. Once there, Jacob mounts his friend and together they take off into the night sky.

****Laterâ€|****

Jacob and Firestorm have been riding non-stop the whole night and most of the day. Now they are finally well over land, but are following a large river. "_Do you see anything?"_ A tired Firestorm asks his bond. Suddenly Jacob straightens up. "Yes! Move a bit to the west! I see the city!" He shouts. Firestorm nods and moves closer.

As they do so, Jacob sees that the city has nine levels. "_Take us to the top level, in that mostly empty court yard,"_ Jacob instructs the Deadly Nadder. Firestorm does so. Jacob can already see that soldiers

are getting ready to fight the two. Even though Harad is no friend of Gondor, Jacob use it to blow a sign of peace. Once it is done so, the soldiers stand uneasily.

Still, the duo land unmolested in the courtyard. A soldier hesitantly steps towards Jacob. He can see the man's eyes widen in shock at seeing the teen wearing the armor of the elite Fountain Guard. "I must meet the lord of this city. Immediately," Jacobs demand. The stunned soldier simply points at a large building near the rear of the courtyard. Jacob nods. _"Stay here for now. But be wary until I get back,"_ He tells his bond. Firestorm snorts. _"If there is trouble, it will be because of you. And I will have to come and save you as usual,"_ He jests in a friendly manner.

Jacob just shakes his head as he walks towards the doors of the building. The two soldiers outside it open the door for Jacob. He continues walking past the doors.

Once he is inside, Jacob looks around. Other than for three people, the room is completely empty. Said people turn and look at the new-comer. One is an old man in a black fur robe, the second is a plain-dressed male, who is short and has large, hairy feet. _'So this must be what a hobbit looks like,'_ Jacob muses to himself. The third is a rather tall white-haired man with a beard. He is clad in white robes and wields a white staff. Said man grips it in a defensive manner.

"Who are you?" He asks Jacob. Jacob stops, still wearing the winged helmet of the Fountain Guard and the dark purple veil across his mouth. "A man seeking to give aid against the foes of Sauron. I assume that is you, Gandalf the White," He says. Gandalf barely seems shaken, though the other two are. The hobbit because I know Gandalf, the man because of my armor.

"You seem familiar with my name, but I am not with you. Who are you?" The wizard asks, though taking a more relaxed stance. "Ah, yes. Of course. I am Jacob, son of the famous warrior Aaron, the adopted son of Chief Stoick the Vast, who is leader of the warriors of the Isle of Berk, and bonded to the dragon Firestorm. I have come to pledge aid to Lord Denethor," He says calmly.

The old man in the cloak looks at Jacob. "I am him. What aid do you speak off?" Denethor asks the warrior. "In addition to myself and my dragon, at this very moment two dozen dragon riders and five hundred skilled warriors, including my father, are heading towards the city as we speak," Jacob replies. The Steward nods and dismisses Jacob.

Once Jacob is outside, he stands and finds Firestorm. _"How did it go?"_ The oddly-colored dragon asks. Jacob shrugs his shoulders._ "Didn't seem to have any worth or anything. The aid hasn't been declined though,"_ He tells his bond. Before the dragon can reply, the doors swing open and Gandalf and the hobbit exit the building, talking.

Jacob just stands there with Firestorm, watching the duo. Once they seem to have finished, Gandalf takes more notice, and a double take, of Firestorm and Jacob. The hobbit seems unable to keep quiet though. "Is that a dragon? I thought they were extinct. Does he speak? How did you get one? Who are you?" He bombards the duo. Gandalf

interrupts the hobbit. "Pippen, be silent!" He barks, and Pippen does so.

The white wizard then looks at the young warrior. "So you can speak with your dragon? Also, what happened to your father? I knew of him and that he was a very skilled warrior," Gandalf says. Jacob nods solemnly. "Aye, that he was. He died as he lived, fighting the forces of Mordor. But I was adopted by a kind man. He raised me his own, along with his own son. I was given my father's armor when I came of age. Where I grew up, dragons are everywhere. We used to hit them, then my brother showed all that dragons can be friends with man. Of course, me and Firestorm, we have been bonded already. But I have killed dragons and orcs," Jacob tells the duo.

Gandalf still stares though. "And yet I sense a touch of something darker and older than Sauron. Why is that?" Jacob hesitates for a moment at question, but is saved suddenly from answering.

"Gandalf!" The voice of a young girl shouts. Jacob turns to see a unique sight. A half-elf girl runs towards the group. Her long, wavy red hair is loosely tied in a ponytail. Her blue eyes flash with excitement. The wizard turns towards her. "Ah, Nyssa, how good it is to see you! How is your mother?" He says as the girl runs up and hugs him. "She is doing well. When I heard you were coming I was so excited to meet you. At least, until I heard the news. Is it true?" She sadly asks. Gandalf gives a grim nod.

Then Nyssa turns to Jacob. Her eyes widen when she sees Firestorm. "Is that a dragon?!" She exclaims. Jacob nods. For some reason Nyssa blushes towards Jacob and turns back to Gandalf. "I better get ready," She mumbles. Gandalf turns back to Jacob once she leaves. An awkward silence lasts a few seconds. "You must be tired. Let us guide you to our lodging," Gandalf offers.

Jacob nods and the two follow Gandalf to where he and Pippen are staying. As soon as he is near a bed, Jacob collapses and sleep overtakes him.

****And done! Sorry for the wait, but I am planning on updating more often. As always read and review! Question of the Day: Who is Nyssa's mother?****

7. Chapter 7

****A New Tiding Chapter 7: The Siege, Part I****

****As always, enjoy!****

Jacob stands near the citadel, staring at the assembled host of Sauron. Gandalf stands nearby. Suddenly Denethor shouts out. "ABANDON YOUR POSTS! FLEE, FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES!" He shouts. At this Gandalf springs into action. With a few quick motions he smacks the snot out of Denethor. "Prepare for battle!" He says. Jacob nods and has Firestorm take to the air after he grabs the bronze shield with the _xiphos_, his composite bow and quiver, and the _falcata_. Jacob is already in his war armor, as is Firestorm. Jacob also checks to make sure his father's longsword is secure in its scabbard.

"Let's go to the wall Gandalf," Jacob says to the wizard. He nods and

gets on his horse, Shadowfax. He then gives Jacob a hand to ride on the white horse. With a neigh, the horse bolts down the city's streets. Gandalf shouts for the Gondorian soldiers to return to their posts.

This rallies the soldiers, who return to the walls. Jacob and Gandalf ride up onto the rampart of the first level. Jacob dismounts and, after shoving the falcata into his belt, unslings his bow and grabs an arrow, ready to notch it. Gandalf then speaks. "Send these foul beasts to the abyss!" He shouts. At this the crews manning the city's trebuchets open fire. The powerful war engines sling large loads of rock and rubble. Each of these cause damage in some form. Most of the first volley smashes into the enemy ranks, squishing dozens of orcs and uruks. The enemy army's catapults return fire, even as some of the siege equipment is destroyed in doing so. The counter-volley smashes into the city, killing some of the soldiers and destroying a few trebuchets.

Several more volleys are exchanged, and a few of the enemy siege towers are destroyed or damaged. Then the Nazgul descend from the sky. Most of the soldiers flee in fright as the foul servants with their equally foul mounts screech and pick up and drop soldiers. Jacob is one of the few who doesn't even flinch, but instead he draws his bowstring back, an arrow already notched. "Do not give in to fear! Stay at your posts! Fight!" Gandalf says, rallying the defenders.

That is critical, for the enemy army now pushes forward their large siege towers with trolls. A volley of arrows is launched but most bounce harmlessly off the metal contraptions. "Not at the towers! Aim at the trolls! Kill the trolls! Bring them down!" Gandalf orders.

Several of the massive trolls are killed but now several of the siege towers are now at the walls. With a massive creaking sound, each of the ramps crash down onto the wall. Orcs and uruks swarm onto the ramparts. Jacob aims his arrow and fires. The deadly weapon pierces the eye of a large, brutish orc wielding a mace in the eye as he is running on the ramp. His limp form knocks over two orcs and causes them to fall off and smash into the ground below.

Jacob fires a half dozen more arrows, all of them hitting their mark with deadly accuracy. But still they come, like waves crashing over stones. Jacob, wishing to conserve his limited specially made arrows, slings his bow and draws the falcata. To gain attention of the enemy, he bangs the sword on his wood-and-bronze circular shield. This gets several large uruks' attention. They break off and head towards the young warrior. The first one wields a deadly two-handed battle-axe. He raises it over his head, ready to strike Jacob, when he is impaled by Jacob's longsword, which he grabbed from his scabbard with his left hand. Then an uruk wielding a saber charges forward. With a war cry, Jacob slashes the forward-curving blade downward, splitting the skull of the soldier. Then an orc wielding a crude flail slings the chain around the falcata, and with a jerk of its user's wrist, flicks it out of Jacob's grasp. The sword skids to the side, out of reach. Jacob simply switches his father's longsword to his right hand.

But before the orc can sling it again, a set of talons pick up the foul creature and lifts him into the air before dropping him over the

wall. _"I had it under control!" _Jacob says indignantly to his bond. The dragon chuckles and then engages the Nazgul to stop them from attacking the Gondorian soldiers. Jacob then switches his longsword, the one used by Gondorian infantry, to his right hand then charges into the melee.

With a cry, a wounded Gondorian swordsman falls to the ground clutching his wounded left arm. He looks up with terror at the uruk. His scimitar is dripping with blood, human blood, and some of it trickles down his face as he raises it overhead, preparing to give the coup d'etat. The soldier closes his eyes, ready for death. But it doesn't come. Curious, the man opens his eyes. The uruk is still standing there. As is Jacob. He had thrust his longsword through the side of the uruk and running it through. With a jerk, Jacob frees his blade and allows the body to fall to the side. Then a medic drags the soldier to safety. Jacob barely has time to relax when he hears a strange sound in the air. He quickly raises his shield arm up and blocks the axe head meant for his skull bounces off the covering bronze layer, leaving a big dent in it. Before the orc can try again, the body stiffens as a splatter of black orc blood flies out from the side.

Jacob lowers his shield to find Nyssa standing there, wielding his _ba'leth_ in her hands. "Thanks. I won't ask where you got it," He says before beheading another orc. Nyssa briefly nods and starts using the _ba'leth_ the way it is best used, as a spinning, slashing weapon. Jacob turns and blocks a saber of an uruk with his own sword. While keeping the two swords locked, he swings his shield like a battering ram, striking the foul beast in the side of the head, knocking it down. With his longsword now free, Jacob walks over and thrusts the sword through the uruk's throat.

Soon, Jacob's sword is stained with black orcish blood. His shield is a mess, covered in gashes, dents, and even a few arrows. The wooden frame is mostly shattered but Jacob refuses to let go. Quickly he holds the longsword in his left hand and draws with his right the 2-foot blade of the _xiphos_. Cutting the straps, Jacob slings the shield like a discus, literally knocking the head off of a rather scrawny orc.

Since the _xiphos_ isn't good for this type of combat, Jacob puts it in his belt. Then he splits the skull of an uruk with his back turned towards Jacob with a single stroke of his longsword. Despite the inferior quality of the orcs, their numbers are starting to tell. With a groan, a Gondorian swordsman is impaled with the scimitar of an uruk. A Gondorian archer is knocked onto his back, while an orc with a war hammer standing over him smashes his skull with a sickening crack. Gondorian soldiers start falling back.

Then Gandalf appears near Jacob. "DRIVE THEM BACK!" He shouts. Then both of them spot Pippin with a sort of shell-shocked expression. "Perigen Took! Go back to the citadel!" Gandalf tells his Hobbit companion. "They called us out to fight," He replies. Jacob turns when he hears the banging of metal as he sees several orcs breaking through. They charge towards the Hobbit, intent on an easy kill. With a shout, Gandalf launches himself at the first orc, smacking him to the ground with his staff. Jacob throws a dagger that calls right between the fallen orc's eyes before he can get up. Seeing that Pippin's sword is drawn but that he is in shock, the wizard and warrior fight hard, trying to push the orcs back with staff and

swords.

As the two are distracted, Pippen sees an orc with an axe sneaking up on Gandalf. While Jacob is pre-occupied, Pippen shouts and stabs the orc in the chest, the sword's blade lodging in his heart and killing it, but breaking off in the process. Gandalf sees this when he turns around, then looks at the Hobbit. "Guard of the Citadel indeed. Now back, up the stairs quick!" He tells Pippen. He nods but is briefly stopped by Jacob, who has drawn his xiphos, which is a perfect size for a Hobbit. "You'll need this. Use it well," He gently says to Pippen, who takes it nodding and then runs off.

Jacob then turns towards Gandalf. "Gandalf, what is that?" He asks, pointing off in the distance. Gandalf turns and the two walk up to the edge of the wall. Gandalf grips part of the rampart to stable himself. It is a monstrous battering ram, the front shaped like the front of a demonic wolf, complete with two clawed paws and a mouth of fire.

The orcs, uruks, and now appearing Easterlings of Rhun, start shouting a single word. GROND! GROND! GROND! GROND! This is what they chant. Apparently that is the name of this monstrosity. Slowly the ram is brought closer. 'Firestorm! Come here! I need to grab something! Jacob says, sheathing his longsword. The dragon complies and lands next to Jacob after killing the surrounding orcs. Jacob runs up and grabs a new weapon, a giant, curved, two-handed sword. It is shaped like the Katana of some of the men of Rhun, but is much, much bigger. The blade itself is five feet long, the whole sword being almost six feet long. Since it can't be used just yet, Jacob sheathes the Nodachi, as he named it, with scabbard being over his back. Then Firestorm takes off.

Jacob turns towards Gandalf. "Gandalf, give me two dozen swordsmen to help me shore up the gate. Maybe we could delay it. Nothing will stand against that though," Jacob asks. Gandalf nods and gathers the requested number of Gondorian soldiers armed with swords and broad shields with the White Tree on it. They follow Jacob and together they start moving large beams of wood to support the massive iron-and-wood doors. They do this for several hours. By this time true night has fallen. Catapults fire rocks covered in tar that are lit before being fired. The fireballs crash all around them and Grond is nearing the gate. Jacob realizes that they don't have any more time. "Back! Back! Draw swords. Prepare to repel invaders!" More soldiers, spearmen, and archers rush forward towards the group. Gandalf rides Shadowfax, urging them on. "Back to the gate!" He orders.

The swordsmen Jacob led stay behind him. The rest of the non-archers set up in a broad line. In the front two ranks are spearmen. The third rank is purely swordsmen, and everyone else with swords or spears forming up next to whoever is nearby. Meanwhile, the battering ram Grond is finally at the door. Trolls pull back on massive cords or rope while archers return the fire of Gondorian archers standing over the archway. Then the ram starts slamming the gate. After a few strikes, the wooden support beams Jacob and his group labored to put up fall down. A few more thuds later, the giant wolf-head breaks through a large portion of the door. All the soldiers can hear growling and grunting of large creatures, perhaps olog-hai trolls.

Gandalf, still astride Shadowfax, shouts out to steady the troops. "You are soldiers of Gondor. No matter what comes through that gate, you will stand your ground!" He says. Then with a final slam the gates are breached, and a trio of mace-wielding olog-hai trolls burst in. Jacob draws the massive Nodachi and takes up a ready stance. The trolls smash a few unlucky archers who were trying to leave the archway. Then Gandalf shouts an order. "VOLLEY!" With that, the assembled archers fire at the trolls, killing one of them. Then Jacob, with a mighty war cry, charges forward at a fully armored olog-hai. The monstrosity created by Sauron tries to smash the young warrior with his club, but wishes.

Jacob does not, though. With a single horizontal stroke, he severs the right knee cap of the troll with the Nodachi. With a shriek of pain, the creature falls, and is thus doomed. With a downwards strike, Jacob slices the head off, killing it. Then a second troll, this one wielding a sword, swings at him. Jacob uses the massive sword to block it, creating a notch in the poorer-quality steel of the olog-hai's sword while suffering no damage from the high-quality steel of the Nodachi. Several more times the olog-hai tries to skewer Jacob with its sword, but each time Jacob blocks or dodges it. Quickly the troll is exhausted and makes a fatal error in leaving his guard slightly exposed, if only for a moment. But that is more than enough time for Jacob to make the killing blow. With a mighty thrust, he skewers the troll with the Nodachi, killing it as well.

Then a warg and its rider charges at him. Yet again Jacob maintains his aloof nature and a ready but relaxed stance. Before the warg can snap him up with its jaws, Jacob springs. With a flick of the wrists, he slices off the forelegs of the demonic wolf, causing it to flip over and throwing its shocked orc rider off and onto the ground. Before it can get up, it is struck down by one of the swordsmen Jacob had lead impales its body. Jacob then thrusts his sword through the roof of a third olog-hai's mouth, penetrating its brain and killing it.

By now there is much close quarter fighting. But Jacob, still wielding the Nodachi which is cumbersome in very close quarters, doesn't have time just yet to switch blades. Instead, he begins to use a spinning tactic. He moves around in a circle, the long blade of the Nodachi becoming a deadly blur. A group of uruks learn this a bit late, with fatal results. All of them wind up either being decapitated or being sliced in two horizontally. Finally, there is a lull in the fighting that lasts just long enough for Jacob to quickly switch out the swords. He sheathes the Nodachi into its long scabbard on his back and draws his father's longsword, holding it in his right hand. He also picks up a discarded orcish axe. Gripping it hard, he throws it at the back of a Rhunic soldier, killing him.

Jacob also watches in respectful awe as Gandalf kills his own olog-hai with a single stroke of his sword, all the while still riding Shadowfax. But alas, it is to no avail. For it seems that for every orc killed ten more take their place. Soon, the enemy numbers start to tell. "THE CASTLE IS BREECHED! FALL BACK TO THE SECOND LEVEL! GET THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OUT! GET THEM OUT! RETREAT!" Gandalf cries. Jacob, along with other soldiers of Gondor, fight a rear guard action. Jacob takes command now. "STEADY NOW! WE GOT TO BUY THE OTHERS TIME! GIVE NO QUARTER, FOR YOU SHALL HAVE NONE!" He

shouts as he picks up the shield of a fallen Gondorian swordsman.

With a shout, Jacob thrusts his sword through the torso of a scimitar-wielding uruk. He quickly yanks it out and slices the head of a spear-wielding orc off. But still, not all casualties are orcs. With a groan, an uruk stabs a Gondorian swordsman through his heart with its sword. An orc brains a spearman to death with a crude club. More soldiers are killed, as are some civilians. But still the rearguard fights.

None though fight as hard as Jacob. His sword is so blackened by orc blood it looks like night incarnate. His shield is covered in slash marks. Large numbers of slain orcs and uruks can be seen. With a mighty shout he splits the helm of a heavily armed uruk and then its skull. Before the body even hits the ground he grabs it and holds it in front of him. With some thumping sounds several arrows bury themselves into the corpse. Jacob then throws it towards the trio of archers, knocking them down. Before they can get up, he bounds over and lops their heads off with a single strike.

By now the remnants of the rear guard are within a few hundred feet of the much smaller gate of the second level of the city of Minas Tirith. Most of the soldiers are running inside. Nearby him are eight of the swordsmen from the gate shoring he had lead. Jacob turn towards them. Have everyone else break off. I'll hold them for as long as possible. That is an order!" Jacob can see the reluctance in their eyes, but the men comply. Everyone breaks off and runs towards the gate. Once the last man is inside it is slammed shut and locked. Jacob now faces a group of uruks.

Jacob thrusts his sword through the first one in the chest before he can even prepare to swing his saber. Yanking it out Jacob slices off the sword arm of a second uruk and slashes its throat. Continuing the swing he lops off the head of a third axe-carrying uruk. Before the fourth uruk gets any closer, it is squashed by the weight of Firestorm. _"I hope you are not planning on dying just,"_ He says dryly. Jacob shakes his head. _"No, but I plan on fighting in the air. May I have a lift?"_ Jacob replies. Firestorm doesn't even need to reply. Jacob then hops onto the saddle and together they start to take flight.

AT that very moment, horns are heard. Jacob looks to see the might of Rohan assemble. Together they ride towards them to give them air support as the horsemen start to charge towards the enemy outside.

And that is the end of this chapter! I plan on updating soon. Also, all the weapons Jacob has used are real weapons, except for the **_ba'leth**_**. Credit for whoever guess the reference for it.**

8. Chapter 8

A New Tiding Chapter 8: The Pelenor Fields, Reinforcements, and the Start of the Battle of Dale

"DEATH!" Scream the men of Rohan, as well as Jacob. With an audible crash, the host of horsemen into the orcs and breaking through the

ranks of their pike men. With a mental command from Jacob, Firestorm folds his mighty wings and dives downward. With a bang, a large geyser of flame shoots out of the Deadly Nadder's mouth. About three dozen orcs and uruks either become barbeque or are badly burnt. But the duo are not done yet. Jacob draws the spear he had brought, the _dory_, and now begins stabbing downwards with it, using it as a lance.

With a yell, he impales the throat of a mountain troll, killing it. Firestorm grabs uruks and throws them around while shooting balls of fire. Jacob thrusts the long bronze-head spear between the shoulder blades of an orc.

Jacob then notices a rather elderly man dressed in royal armor shouting orders. "MAKE SAFE THE CITY!" Then the horsemen falter. Jacob and Firestorm turn to see huge dust clouds being formed. The cause is soon seen to be Mumakil. With a long note a Hardarian horn similar to Jacob's is heard. This is quickly followed by the chanting of Harad war chanting.

The King of Rohan rallies his men though. "Reform the line! Reform the line! Sound the charge, take them head on! Charge!" At that the horsemen and the duo charge towards the massive elephants.

For the horsemen it might not have been super smart. Man and horse are trampled, flung, and gored by the feet and tusks of the Mumakil, or killed by the archers, seated in the massive saddles that dominated the elephants. Jacob and Firestorm have more space though.

With a shout, Jacob is the first one to down a Mumakil. With a mighty thrust of the _dory_ into the massive eye of one, killing it. In the process, however, the shaft breaks as the Oliphant falls down. Then the two are driven off by the hail of arrows directed at him.

_"__Pull back! We can't do any more good here!" _Jacob shouts mentally. _"Gee, really?" _An irate Firestorm replies. Before Jacob makes a counter-comment, he spots something off in the distance, away from the battle but approaching rapidly. Jacob and Firestorm descend towards them.

What they see is rather surprising, a horseman and five foot soldiers are heading toward the city. All are dressed in golden, metal armor. Even the horse is covered in it, with two horns coming out of the mask they were built on. _"Those are Lë•ke Rim. The legendary Dragon Regiments of Rhun. Why they are running, though, I do not know"_ Jacob is told by Firestorm.

When the Lë•ke Rim soldiers spot Jacob and Firestorm, they stop and the horseman pulls out a white flag. Jacob feels bound to honor the truce the flag holds. Firestorm lands in front of the five, and Jacob dismounts.

"Who are you? Speak quickly and wisely," He demands calmly. The horseman speaks first. "Captain Matrз of the 1st Lë•ke-Innas Rim," He says. He carries a long lance and has a curved saber sheathed at his side. Then a second one speaks up. "Private Bor of the Lë•ke-Gamp Rim," he says. He has medium gold armor and wields a two-hand halberd. Then a third speaks up. "Corporal Bafeth and Private Rylot

of the Lë•ke-Flag Rim," He says. Bafeth wields a Rhunic-style axe and Rylot has a flanged mace. Both are in golden armor that seems to be all over their body, as well as broad, rectangularish shield. "Sergeant Vir of the Lë•ke-Nar Rim," The last man says. He is covered the least with golden armor, but carries a saber and a large, powerful composite bow.

"And what have you come here for? Answer truthfully. I hate liars," Jacob says. Captain Matrז answers. "My comrades and I wish to defect to the true side. WE have seen how our once-glorious people have fallen because of Sauron. We have come with information and a willingness to fight for you and die," He answers. Jacob nods. "And this information, what is it?" Now Vir speaks. "Dale is about to be attacked in two days by our former comrades. If it falls, the army will swarm to here and overwhelm you, even if this army already here is defeated. We are willing to assist you in assisting your allies," He finishes in a quiet voice.

Jacob is stunned. _"Is there anyone that might be friendly and willing to send an army?" _He quickly asks Firestorm. The massive Deadly Nadder, who is the largest of the Deadly Nadders to ever walk to earth, hesitates before answering. _"There is one place close to it. They are not friendly to the enemies of Mordor, but hate Mordor and its allies even more. They might send there army. It is a day's march from there to Dale, and half a day's flight to there from here. If we leave now, we might make it"_ Firestorm replies. Jacob can sense the unease of this. _"And what is the name of this place, and there warriors?"_ He asks, now for some reason starting to dread the answer. _"The land, it is called Fuso. Their warriors are known, in their tongue, as those who serve. Samurai."_

****Several Hours Laterâ€|****

Jacob and Firestorm are nearing the border of Fuso. _"What should we do once we cross the border?"_ Jacob asks Firestorm, who was been here before. _"We will head towards the capital of the tribe mostly likely to listen to us before deciding whether or not to kill us. They are called the Oda Clan," _Firestorm replies. After that the next half hour passes quickly. Jacob reflects on how he sent a message, tied to an arrow, over the walls of Minas Tirith, to tell Gandalf of his intent. He also sent the five deserters to Dale to warn them, giving them a flag of peace and of one showing they were friends of Gondor now.

Jacob is shaken from the memories when a conch horn is sounded. He looks down to see an amazingly built fortress. In the center is a multi-level tower, which Firestorm explains to Jacob mentally that it is called a pagoda.

Nearby the pagoda Samurai warriors assemble in there armor. For the ones Jacob sees, there armor is the color of the clan they belong to and serve, a yellow-and-purple color. Near the steps of the pagoda is a warrior with a helmet that bears two metal horn-like mountings that go straight up. _"That is the current leader of the Oda. His name is Oda Orochi. Land nearby him and no matter what he says, be respectful, bow to him when you greet him, and do not draw your sword unless you wish to challenge him to a duel to the death," _Firestorm instructs the young warrior.

With that, the duo lands. The Samurai, though watching him with

caution, do not make any motion of intent on attacking. Jacob walks towards Oda Orochi, displaying a manner of confidence but respect. Upon approaching within six feet of him. Everyone watches the young teen in armor. Then Jacob bows to Orochi, showing the respect his culture entitles him to.

Then Orochi surprises Jacob. In a voice with a slight accent, he speaks the tongue of men, instead of his own language. "Greetings warrior. Though you maybe be considered as trespassers, I wish to hear why one so young and bold, with an unusual mount, seeks my clan," Oda Orochi says.

Jacob straightens his back upon hearing those words. "_Daimyo_ Orochi, I have come seeking the aid of the mighty and honorable Samurai of Fuso. Even as I speak before you now, my countrymen are fighting for not only their existence, but for all of Middle-Earth, against the forces of Mordor. I come before you, begging as one warrior to another, for you to be willing to lend us such aid," Jacob says truthfully. Orochi falls silent for a few minutes, a look of deep thought on his face.

Then he speaks. "I might be willing to lend aid, but if I do so, I will weaken my army, even if it will be ever so slightly, and the other clans will take this as a challenge. If the other clans Daimyos are willing to also send aid, then you will have my clan's support. You were lucky to have landed when you did. As I speak, the leaders of the Hojo, Takeda, Tokugawa, Mori, Date, Shimazu, Chosokabe, and Uesugi are heading here for a feast. You may discuss your plea with them there. Right now though, I can promise you that as long as you are a guest in my home, you will have my protection unless you chose to accept a duel. You may wish to stay in your armor, as it is likely that at least one of them will challenge. They will be here in fifteen minutes. Once they arrive, you may tell them what you have asked me," Oda Orochi finishes.

Jacob, though slightly irritated on the inside, remains calm on the outside. He again bows at what is a generous offer, considering the situation. "Many thanks, mighty Oda Orochi," He says.

Soon, the great leaders of the eight other clans arrive. When they see Jacob and Firestorm, they are briefly stunned. Then one of them steps forward. He wears blue armor with some reddish-brown trim armor. "What is the meaning of this? Who is the outsider?" He demands.

Oda Orochi tries to pacify the man. "Jacob, this is Daimyo Hojo Ujiyasu of the Hojo Clan," He says. Ujiyasu still remains aggressive. "This outsider must be tested! I challenge him to a duel!" Ujiyasu declares. Before the leader of the Oda Clan can intervene, Jacob steps forward. "What will the winner get?" He asks.

Ujiyasu snorts. "If you win, and that is a big if, you will get leadership of the Hojo Clan. So do you accept it or not?" He demands. Oda Orochi steps towards Jacob and whispers in his ear. "You do not have to accept it," He advises Jacob.

Jacob however shakes his head. "I accept your challenge. Draw your weapon," He declares. Hojo grabs his weapon, a short yari, and twirls it around. Jacob draws his longsword with his right hand, and with his left hand he grabs the flanged mace from Firestorm's

saddle.

With a yell, Ujiyasu charges forward, intending to impale Jacob with the sword-like blade of the yari. Jacob deflects it with the blade of his sword and with a single swing, smashes the head of the mace into the side of the Daimyo's head. The heavy metal cracks his helmet and the skull, killing him. The crowd falls silent at this quick duel. Then the Hojo Samurai bow to Jacob. The leader of the group of thirty is covered in gold-colored armor. He speaks up. "We are at your service, Daimyo Jacob," He says.

Jacob motions for the soldiers to straighten up. "I have come asking for your aid," Jacob begins. Then he proceeds to repeat what he had told Orochi. When he finishes, the remaining clan leaders remain silent as they ponder on the request. Then a man in red armor with a gold demon-face with horns and white horsehair trailing from the helmet. "I am Takeda Shingen of the Takeda Clan. From one Daimyo to another, I will pledge aid for your clan," He proudly declares. The Orochi steps up. "If Takeda is willing to do so, then so will I," He finally decides.

Then the rest of the clan leaders also pledge support. "Then we shall assemble the Samurai and march tonight," Jacob, now leader of the Hojo clan, declares. The rest nod and quickly mount their horses, leaving their guards, elite yari, bow, and katana skilled wielders and their slightly less-than-skill twenty-nine attendants behind. Orochi sends a messenger to the capital of Hojo for Jacob since he does not know where it is.

Hours pass as Jacob starts to pace around the pagoda. Then slowly but surely Fuso soldiers start to trickle in at first, then they start pouring inside. At last they are all assembled, large banners being waved with the different clan symbols on them. Horses nicker as their riders prepare to spur them on. Foot soldiers, archers, and dismounted Samurai twitch ever so slightly in excitement at a battle. Jacob mounts Firestorm and draws his sword, waving it in the air to gain the large army's attention.

"Men of Fuso! It is a tremendous honor to lead such honorable and brave soldiers! I have drawn the sword. As long as a foe stands or I live, I will not put it down! Draw the katana, the nodachi, the naginata, the yari, and the bow! Raise the banners! March!" He shouts. With the blowing of conch horns, the army starts a long march

****The Next Day, Noon****

The battle for Dale had begun. Sergeant Vir leads a group of Bardian Marksmen Archers on the city walls. "Fire volley!" He shouts quietly, releasing the arrow from his large composite bow. This is quickly followed by three hundred more arrows. These slam into the group of Rhun Clan Warriors, armed with a saber for attacking and a second saber held in a reverse grip for use in deflection. The lightly armored soldiers are quickly mowed down by the mass of arrows. The members of the Rhunic catapult division are brought up. In a safe distance away, the men load the massive siege engines with boulders and aim them in the direction of the walls.

With a massive thud, the twenty catapults launch the rocks forward. They smash all along the wall, killing many of the Dale Archers and

heavily damages the walls. Vir turns to the survivors. "Fall back. The wall will coll-"Before he gets a chance to finish, a second volley destroys the wall they are underneath, some of them are crushed by the rubble.

Others are pinned down. Vir is stuck with a small rock crushing his right lower leg. The others run to help him up. Captain Matrз rallies Dale Bard Hird halberd-men to plug in the breech. Bor gives his halberd to Vir to hold onto while he pulls the wounded archer to safety, who still has his saber but no longer his bow, which has been smashed to pieces. Meanwhile, Rylot and Bafeth provide cover.

"THERE ARE TWO MANY EASTERLINGS! FALL BACK TO THE LONELY MOUNTAIN!" Matrз shouts. As they prepare to fall back from the millions of men in front of them, a conch shell rings out. All eyes turn towards a crest in the hillside.

A young warrior, clad in the armor of the Fountain Guard of Gondor, lies sitting atop of monstrous Deadly Nadder that has the color of a burning fire in a forest, and is clad in armor shaped like a Balrog. When Bor sees them, he shouts in joy. "IT'S JACOB!" He shouts. Then the remains of the half-demolished Dale army falls back towards the Dwarfs to stand alongside them, while the Dragon Regiments are distracted.

Then, behind Jacob, is more movement. First a tall, blue banner appears, carrying three white triangles positioned in such a way that it looks like there is a blue triangle upside down inside it. Then a second banner appears, this one red with four black rhombuses on their sides forming a larger one. Then a green one with a white circle with four lines dividing it into fourths, then a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth. Then the footsteps are heard. They are so loud people start wondering if the earth itself will shake.

Soon eight horsemen with colorful armor and masks appear, and make a V-formation on either side of him. Then Samurai warriors start to appear.

Jacob observes the battle from the top of the hill. He turns to the other clan leaders. "Takeda Shingen, I will lead my Hojo katana and naginata Samurai in the first charge. I would like for you to send your Takeda Samurai cavalry to assist them. Shimazu Yoshihiro, Mori Motonari, Date Masamune, and Tokugawa Ieyasu, keep your men hidden and in reserve. Chosokabe Motochika, send your archers and yari Samurai to sneak around the rear once we engage them, try to find a good spot to open fire on them once we engage them. Orochi and Uesugi Kenshin, I want for you and your men, as well as taking the rest of my men, to go and join up with the men of Dale and the Dwarves. Am I understood?" He quietly asks. All of the other Daimyos nod in consent.

"Very well, sound the charge. BANZAI!" With that, Jacob and Firestorm start running down the Cliffside, kicking up huge clouds of dirt. Then red-armored mounted Samurai led by Shingen go down next, with the blue-armored Hojo Samurai close on their heels. And so begins the Battle of Dale in full earnest.

****Horned King II: And done! Again, sorry for the cliffhanger, but will update soon! As always enjoy and review!****

9. Shout-out

Horned King II: I just wanted to make this chapter as a shout out to several people in particular. I want to thank Kanuro5 for giving me his thoughts of how I did my battle scenes.

I want to thank Blue Mountain Fairy for creating her OC Elaine, and also for her extreme dedication of this story.

The third person I want to thank is a person very close to me. She is Nimwen 16. Thank you for everything and I look forward to hearing from you.

Until next time, my friends!

10. Chapter 9

****A New Tiding Chapter 9: Tide of War, and Loss****

On a hidden enclave on the side of the Lonely Mountain, one that no dwarf is aware that it is there, a group of five cloaked beings stand at the mouth. "So chief, exactly why are we here watching this battle again?" One of them asks, who has a chainmail hat and a red tunic. A tall one smacks him behind the head. "Cause the chief said so. Right chief?" He says, a cutlass seen at his belt side. The tallest one of the group turns and glares at them with a yellow-iris eye, the right eye scarred and covered with an eye patch. "Both of you shut up. Redtooth is right, at least partly. The main reason, Cheesethief, is that the master wants us to watch how Sauron's forces fair, and in particular this young warrior, Jacob. So for now, me buckos, we will stay here. And wait," He says.

With a quick slash, Jacob slashes the arm wielding the axe of an Lë•ke-Flag Rim, then impales the wounded soldier in the chest with his sword. In the air, Firestorm attacks the rearguard, trying to tie down units from joining the front combat. In addition to men of Rhun, orcs of the Misty Mountains and orcs of Mount Gundabad have also sent legions of heavy orc and goblin infantry, armed with jagged shields, helmets, and cruel, jagged scimitars. One of the goblins is dueling with a _katana_-wielding Samurai. Though the disgusting beast tries to put up a good fight, he is no match for the Hojo warrior. With a single, two-handed swing the Samurai decapitates the goblin.

A Takeda mounted _yari_ Samurai skillfully throws his spear at an Lë•ke-Innas Rim. The sharp blade pierces the chest plate armor of the horseman but before he slumps off his horse, the Samurai plucks back up his _yari_ without breaking his stride. A Hojo _naginata_-wielding warrior uses the curved, blade-like edge and the weight at the end of the pull like a watermill, expertly spinning it in a circle just like a real watermill, slicing through armor, bone, and flesh, killing about 15 Easterlings and orcs before stopping to take a breath, staying defensive while doing so.

Jacob impales a rather tall Goblin Heavy Infantry soldier through the chest with his father's sword, killing it. He quickly pulls it out. Then he hears a yelp. Turning around quickly he sees an Lë•ke-Gamp Rim fall onto his knees then onto the ground. An arrow sticks out of his neck. Jacob turns to see a Takeda mounted Samurai bowman notching

a second arrow. This one kills an Easterling crossbowman, who in a comedic way, accidentally pulls the trigger and kills a second crossbow man.

Suddenly the Samurai slumps forward on his saddle. An arrow is seen to have buried itself between his shoulder blades. But it is not an orc, goblin, or Easterling one. It is a Samurai one. A second such arrow flies through the air to impale the Hojo Samurai wielding the naginata through the eye. Then a Date Samurai riding a horse comes to Jacob. He carries a Horo, a small cloak with purple-and-orange coloring, the colors of the Date Clan that is stretched over a wicker frame, looking like a balloon.

"Daimyo Jacob. Date Masamune wishes to tell you the Oda, Shimazu, and Uesugi have betrayed us. The Tokugawa, Takeda, and Chosokabe still stand with you, as does the Date. All the clans are at the gate of the Lonely Mountain with the dwarves and men of Dale, in addition to some Shimazu katana Samurai, some Oda long spear yari Ashigaru, and some Uesugi bow warrior monks as well. What are your orders, Shogun?" He asks Jacob. Jacob is briefly taken aback. The title Shogun has not been given for the past 100 years, hence the reason for the clans fighting.

He quickly recovers though. "Inform Takeda Shingen about this, find out if he is on our side. If so, have him send ALL men to the gates. I will rally my men as well. GO now!" He orders. The messenger nods and spurs his horse on. Jacob then mentally informs Firestorm of this, and asks for him to ride to the top of the mountain for now. Jacob then turns to a loyal Hojo Samurai retainer. "Signal the men to fall back and form a defensive line. Have all archers get onto the walls and prepare to fire on my mark. Do it now!" He orders. The Hojo Samurai nods and waves a square piece of wood-and-metal, a signal flag called the tessen.

That signals the rest of the loyal Samurai to rush back to the gate, hacking and slashing at the rebel Samurai and the Easterling and orc/goblin soldiers. "Firestorm! Fall back! It's a trap!" Jacob mentally screams. An Oda katana Samurai prepares to slice Jacob in half, but before he can do so, Jacob slices his longsword through the chest plate armor and slicing the stomach open of the Samurai. The man gasps in pain, his katana, being held back in preparation of a downward slice, slips through his hands. He collapses to his knees. With a second strike, the head, still inside the helmet, bounces away from the body. Then a Heavy Infantry orc from the mountains charges towards Jacob, but instead impales itself onto his outstretched sword.

When Jacob looks up, he wishes he hadn't. Firestorm is circling above him, heading to the mountains, when disaster strikes. A single arrow, well-aimed, zooms towards Firestorm's belly. Time slows down. Jacob is oblivious to everything but his bond and the arrow. "Look out!" Jacob screams, both mentally and verbally.

But it is to no avail. The damn arrow hits home, straight and true, slipping through a gap in the armor and piercing the heart. Firestorm lets out a screech so loud, even in Gondor it is heard. At the mountain, all combat stops briefly. At the same time as Firestorm screeches, so too does Jacob.

Terrible pain wracks in his body. A stabbing sensation in his chest.

Final thoughts and memories fly through his mind. Then an emptiness emerges, as the lifeless body of Firestorm, Jacob's friend and bond, plummets to the ground.

Rage. That is all the young warrior feels. Rage. Lust. Hatred. Anger. Grief. A lust for vengeance is born, a lust for killing all foes present. Hatred of a type in which one can almost literally feel it coming off in waves. Anger at himself for not thinking of this, for making such a fault in the armor, in being foolish from the start. Grief for the loss of a dear friend. And a seemingly permeant emptiness.

Now many eyes turn towards the young warrior. A figure clothed in bloodied armor, clutching a sword eager to sing the song of eternal sleep, shaking in not fear, but pure rage. For at the moment, Jacob is no longer present in spirit. Instead is a different one. Almost indescribable, as a red mist clouds his vision. All tiredness and compassion is gone, all energy infinite. Gone is a skilled and capable warrior. Now present is Death incarnate.

****Back at the caveâ€¦****

The tall cloaked figure turns to a Samurai, Orochi. "IDIOT!" He seethes. "I told you to NOT have the dragon killed! Now you have failed, you must suffer the punishment!" Before the treacherous Daimyo can protest, a long tail, with a wicked war spike attached at the end, lashes out. The blade slashes the throat of Orochi, who clutches it and thrashes in a rapidly forming pool of blood, gagging before finally becoming still.

The figure casually steps over the body, removing the cowl to reveal a nightmarish creature. A giant, bipedal rat. A mole's skull serve as a clasp for a cloak made of bat wings. The others remove their cloaks as well, each being a human-sized rat, though all are not as tall as the leader.

Redtooth, a slightly shorter rat with red fur and slightly red teeth, steps upwards cautiously. He knows that his leader is unpredictable. Brilliant, but a bit unstable. "What do we do now chief?" He asks. "We will still stay and watch. But for now, the wrath of Cluny the Scourge shall be felt! Cheesethief, Fangburn, Darkclaw, Get the gear ready. We will move out soon. Redtooth, Tell the Mori to be ready as well. Soon we will report to the master," Cluny the Scourge cackles.

****Minas Tirithâ€¦****

Gandalf looks at Pippen. The hobbit looks worried. "Gandalf, what was that sound?" He asks. Gandalf takes a look of deep thought. It was the sound of a dragon dying, and its bond mate feeling the loss," He answers in a very grave tone of voice.

The hobbit then asks the next question. "What do you mean?" Gandalf sighs. "When a dragon and a human bond, such as in the case of Jacob and Firestorm, they form a mental and emotional connection. That means they can share thoughts, memories, emotions. But if one is killed, the other feels it as well. The backlash can drive the survivor mad with rage, creating a killing machine. Sometimes this is permanent, sometimes not. But for now, I fear that it might not matter," He finishes.

Unknown to the two, a third person was listening in. The half-elf Nyssa furrows her brows. Even though she just met him, she can't help but feel a certain attraction to the young warrior. Silently she murmurs a quick prayer for his safety, both in body and mind.

****Barad-Durâ€|****

Atop the mighty tower, the spirit of Sauron focuses in on the battle of the Lonely Mountain. For once since the First Age, Sauron feels fear. He mentally urges on his minions to kill the warrior at all costs.

****The Lonely Mountainâ€|****

The warrior known as Jacob begins to cleave a path around him. An Lë•ke-Innas Rim falls to the ground as Jacob withdraws his sword from the crook of his left arm, slicing a major artery. A Clan Guard watches in horror as his duel-ended halberd is sliced in half, before Jacob slashes his throat. A heavily armored orc armed with a jagged, slightly rusted blade leaps towards him, aiming for his exposed back, but he is detected by Jacob. He spins around and crouches, causing the orc to overshoot him. He quickly gets up but Jacob reverses his grip on the sword and thrusts it backwards, thrusting it deep into the area between the shoulder blades.

Soon, a circle of bloodied corpses surround Jacob as he continues the reaping of the enemy army. Despite tying down a large number of the soldiers, still more are able to reach the gate, where the Samurai loyal to Jacob continue fighting alongside dwarves, men, and the five Easterling deserters.

But still the enemy numbers just keep on coming. Warriors and Samurai begin to fall. A Takeda _yari_ Samurai thrusts his spear through the roof of the mouth of a cave troll, only for a mountain goblin to stab him through the back. A dwarven swordsman impales an Easterling Clan swordsman, only to fall to several Oda arrows.

However, in the middle of all this, one Samurai in particular is proving himself. A Hojo Samurai, his name is Soryu Jenki. He was originally an Ashigaru. However, he quickly proved to be skilled and was quickly made a Samurai, an event that does occur but is very rare. He wears the standard armor of a Hojo _katana_ Samurai, but his helmet is different. It is styled more like golden horns like the previous Hojo _Daimyo_.

Two Lë•ke-Flag Rims, one wielding an axe, the other a mace, rushes at him, but Jenki merely stands in a relaxed stance as the heavily, golden-clad armored Easterlings draws closer. Once the one with the axe is within striking range, however, Jenki strikes as fast as a serpent. With a single, controlled thrust, Jenki plunges the _katana_ into the throat of the axe-man. Once he falls to his knees, Jenki quickly follows up with a swing of the _katana_, severing the head.

Then the second Lë•ke-Flag Rim charges at him. This one is more skilled at defensive skill, however. Raising his broad shield, the Easterling deflects the downward-swinging _katana_. Meanwhile, he swings his mace. Jenki only narrowly escapes the arc of the flanged

metal head from striking his torso, in the process becoming slightly unbalanced. The Easterling quickly takes advantage of this, going on the offensive. Jenki, not wanting to use his katana to block the mace and risk having it broken, twists and steps back from multiple swings, waiting for the foe to tire out from the effort of swinging it.

Soon enough, the man starts to tire, his swings becoming slower and less powerful. He makes an error of slightly lowering his guard, which is all that Jenki needs. With a lightning strike, he thrusts the curved sword into the Easterling's torso, slipping through a weak gap in the armor and striking home, killing the Easterling.

Jenki looks up, watching the battle in a lull around him. When he hears a guttural shout, he sees his new leader, Jacob, becoming a berserker.

Jacob continues his path of death, striking left and right, killing the foes by the dozen. Then an Oda yari Samurai gets a lucky strike on the warrior. The sword-like blade slips through a gap in the left shoulder armor, piercing the chainmail underneath and the flesh it was protecting. Jacob lets out a brief howl of pain, then with his sword chops off the head of the spear, leaving a little bit sticking out of his shoulder. He simply ignores this when he slices part of the arm off of the Samurai and kicking him away. Then an arrow hits him in the right leg, missing the artery though. Then a second arrow hits him in the left shoulder slightly above the previous wound, and then a third arrow hits him in the back, sticking out of him like a spike. An orc slashes a cut onto his right flank, a long but shallow wound. Before the orc can strike again with his scimitar, Jacob stops him with a deep, fatal slash to the chest.

Jenki is about to charge towards his wounded leader to protect him when he hears a conch horn. Once more he turns to look at the hilltop only hours before where he was with the rest of Jacob's army. To his shock, there is a new army of Fuso warriors. When he sees the mon of the general in charge, he nearly woops. "UP ON THE RIDGE! LOOK! IT IS THE IKKO IKKI REBEL CLAN!" He shouts. Only then does he realize, are they friends? Or foes?

****Atop the hillâ€¦****

Daimyo Shimotsuma Nakayuki, leader of the Ikko Ikki clan, looks on from the mount of his horse, surrounded by twenty-nine loyal bodyguards, each equipped with a Horo. His army is unique in the country of Fuso. The core of it are warrior monks, all armed with either a naginata, bow, or wielding a naginata while mounted. The very core is an elite group of monks, known as Marathon Monks. Each one of these monks had to endure a grueling, 7-year trial known as Kaihogyo, with the end result being warriors of amazing endurance. This group is led by a single, skilled warrior accompanied by twenty-nine slightly less skilled warriors. The leader of this thirty-man group is known as a Warrior Monk Hero. Supporting this group of monks are yari- and bow-armed Ashigaru, and katana-armed Loan Sword Ashigaru infantry, as well as similarly armed yari, katana, and bow ronin Samurai.

The Ikko Ikki Ashigaru are equipped in an interesting array of three different armor. A third are dressed in the robes and hood of a monk,

some in the usual Ashigaru uniform, and the rest dressed in Samurai armor, showing how the military system of the clan is a bit haphazard. Ronin Samurai, or "Men of the Waves", are Samurai whose leaders were killed, and as a result are now masterless. They all are dressed in Samurai armor, as are the bodyguard and Shimotsuma.

Said leader turns to face the full might of his clan. "My comrades and friends, you all have known how we have been called rebels, and always being attacked. Now this all might change. A new warrior has appeared, and has already taken over one of the clans. But now we see that he is in peril. If we want to be given peace, we must prove it. For each of you, I ask for you to prove how each of us have the soul of ten warriors. Raise the Banner, swords, and spears! Our name will live for ten thousand years! CHARGE!" With that, the warrior monks, almost as one, let forth a guttural shout, rising in volume so that it echoes for miles, causing many of the enemy to be demoralized by their war cry. Then all of the Ikko Ikki army charge downward, smashing into the flank of the enemy army.

Samurai supporting the new Shogun Jacob rally forth and charge forward. Enemy orcs, Easterling, and Samurai are scythed down like wheat. Jenki makes his way towards the wounded and bleeding Jacob, who has collapsed to the ground. The last thing Jacob sees are a smoke-filled sky, and the rapidly blurring of movement of bodies, then sleep starts to overtake him. His last thought is a single word. "Firestorm". Then darkness overtakes him.

****Laterâ€¦****

Once the enemy army heard of the destruction of the army at Minas Tirith, and having multiple armies surrounding them, the survivors rout and scatter. The orcs and goblins head to either their mountain fortresses or to Mordor, while the Easterlings flee either to Mordor as well or towards their homes in Rhun. The now-leaderless Oda Samurai and Ashigaru, along with the ones that stayed loyal to the leaders who joined the Oda rebels, the Uesugi and Shimazu clan, flee as well. Where they are going, no one knows but them, but nobody cares at the moment.

Now the survivors have the somber task of finding the wounded, and the dead. Massive piles of bodies, friend and foe, litter the battle field. Men, Fuso, Dwarves, and orcs/goblins, all scattered like broken toys. The men of Dale and the Dwarves have lost their kings. The armies of Fuso have suffered as well. Chosokabe Motochika has fallen, along with a quarter of his clan's horsemen and foot warriors, though his bowmen are still relatively intact. Takeda Shingen lost a third of their mounted bowmen, yari, naginata, and mounted katana Samurai cavalry. Date Masamune lost his left eye, but will live.

The worst hit, though, is the Hojo clan. Nearly a third of their army is dead, and a quarter of the other two-thirds are wounded. Those not able to assist the wounded search for any missing ones, and in particular, their leader.

They already found the fallen Firestorm, who has been placed away from the corpses and guarded by twenty Hojo katana Samurai. Samurai of the Tokugawa clan assist the searchers. After two hours, any hope for finding the new Shogun is almost gone. Then a shout is heard.

"I found him! I found the _Shogun_! MEDIC!" Shouts the searcher, Jenki. He is crouched above the prone form of Jacob, one hand over the hilt of his _katana_ to protect his leader should someone try to kill him. Quickly some men of Dale arrive. One of them, a man skilled in the art of healing, carefully looks over the body. He quickly announces what he finds.

"He is alive, but barely. If he has any hope for survival, he must be taken to the House of Healing in Minas Tirith. I will ride with him, but we will need a wagon and an escort," He declares to the assembled clan _Daimyos_. Takeda Shingen, one of Jacob's staunchest supporters, is the first to speak up. "I will personally accompany him with my bodyguards and my Twenty-Four Generals," He says.

Not wanting to be outmatched, Jenki also speaks up. "I will personally ride with you and Jacob in the wagon as well," He declares. Now that it has been decided, fresh horses and a wagon are quickly found. Gingerly, they place Jacob in the wagon. Then Jenki and the Dale medic get in. A Hojo Ashigaru takes up the reins of the six horses attached to the wagon. The Takeda escort assembles, and the convoy moves out at top speed, knowing that the life of Jacob hangs in the balance.

****Horned King II: And done! I left a cliffhanger for you. Also, a poll, should I make a sequel? Leave your answer in the review! Until next time!****

11. Chapter 10

****A New Tiding Chapter 10: One end, a New Start****

All is quiet on the plains towards Minas Tirith, the only sign of the earlier death being the hewn corpses and broken war machines. It is dusk, and the convoy is growing weary. Jacob's condition has been stabilized to the degree that he is not in absolute mortal danger, but still requires help. The arrow heads and the broken spear head have been removed, but the wounds are many and are deep.

Soon a wounded Gondor swordsman spots them. They are quickly rushed towards the citadel. Inside are Gandalf, Pippin, and the new Gondorian King, Aragon. Gandalf is the first one up. "What happened?" He demands to the Dale medic. "Dragon dead, multiple wounds, did my best to stop bleeding, but needs help from more skilled hands," The tired man replies.

Without wasting a word, Jacob is placed onto a stretcher. Quickly he is placed with some of the more important wounded, and placed under heavy guard.

Now, only time will tell the fate of the young, brave warrior.

****A Village up Northâ€¦.****

In a small town, life goes on. The elders gather and tell stories to each other and to small children who aren't playing around in the town square. The men go about their daily lives. All is peaceful. The occupants are unaware of the tragedy soon to befall it.

It is late evening, and the encroaching horde is hidden by the shadows. They consist of Mori turncoats. For this task, their currently-unknown master has sent forth several hundred raiders known as Wako Raiders. They are an irregular force, men armed with little armor and poorer quality _katana_ swords. They are a motley array, some dressed only in kimonos, some of these ones wearing Samurai-style helmets. Some of them are bare-chested or wearing simple leather armor, and some of these also wear similar helmets. Some of them have tattoos on their biceps. All of these men are seasoned raiders. They are Fuso's pirates and corsairs. The scoundrels, lowest of the low. They are the scum of the sea, having no honor, only a sense of greed.

Accompanying them are a small number of Mori _katana_ Samurai, and some Shimazu _katana_ Hero Samurai, with Oda Long _yari_ Ashigaru. Leading them is Cluny the Scourge.

They strike at dusk. Without warning, the army descends on the almost defenseless town. A few men grab makeshift weapons to attempt to defend their homes. But for the grizzled veterans of many storms at sea, this is easy pickings. With quick flashes of _katana_s and _yari_s, the townspeople are cut down.

Cluny walks into the now empty town, walking through its blood-soaked streets. "Ah, what a way to make a grand entrance. Ah, the smell of death! How long it has been!" He cackles. Then he turns to a Wako captain. He says only two words. "Burn it."

Unkownest to the attackers though, a single man is left alive. He was cutting wood when he heard the sounds of battle. Now he turns towards the south. He knows he must report this to Minas Tirith. War has not stopped.

****A Few Days Laterâ€¦****

Jacob has recovered physically. When he woke up, he saw Soryu Jenki and Takeda Shingen watching him, concerned for their new leader's well-being. Now the two are showing some of the might of two of the mighty clans.

Takeda Shingen is a middle-aged man. He carries himself constantly in a proud manner. Currently, he is talking about the Takeda Clan's greatest feature.

"To be Takeda is to be born in the saddle. We are master horsemen! Our cavalry astound all. Let others march. We ride. We fly! Like storms in the mountain, we thunder into battle!" He states to Jacob.

Jacob only nods. Ever since the death of Firestorm, he has not spoken a single word. Most of the wounds will heal, but he will forever have a slight limp in his left leg. All who fought at the battle know that he is mourning the loss of his bond.

Jenki is saddened by the withdrawal of the skilled warrior. But he also understands why he is so. "Shogun, this afternoon is the crowning of the king. Will you attend?" He asks his warlord. Again, Jacob only nods.

Three hours later, the trio are standing near the rear of the crowd.

Jacob stands dressed in his battle armor, still scarred by the battle. Nyssa and Elaine tries to get closer, wanting to see if the young warrior is ok.

Suddenly, the sky goes dark. Thunder roams around. Many people crouch low as an evil chuckle rumbles over the White City.

"_You think you have won at last? Think again! You have only destroyed my 2__nd__-in-command! I am here to stay! To the warrior Jacob, I await you in the North."_ Morgoth's voice rings all around.

War has come again!

And done. Sorry for a sloppy ending, just wanted to start the sequel. I want to thank Nimwen16, Blue Mountain Fairy, and all my followers. I also want to thank my friend Madeline for all the good conversations at school. I will have the sequel up very soon! Until next time!

12. Announcement

Hey guys, sorry for not updating the sequel. I am having a really rough time so please be patient

End
file.